

"1952"—THE DIARY OF A

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

October 15th, 1952.

OH, dear! I wonder if any young girl in the White House was ever so troubled as I am?

I was reading yesterday in a queer old book about some of the Presidents' daughters who once lived here. They had an easy time. All they seem to have had to do was to go to parties and to have a favorite color, which was then worn by all other young girls and called "Alice Blue" or "Helen Pink" or "Mamie Mauve" or something like that. When their fathers wanted a second term—and I've hunted the histories carefully without finding one who didn't—the daughters were supposed to want their fathers to get it—them—well, anyway the term.

Now, of course I'm not a fool. I probably realize just as well as other women nowadays that man is the inferior sex, and that when women are already holding every other office it is impossible to keep them long from the presidency. I only want to keep them from it four years longer. I can't be President,—at least not yet; for I don't think a woman's fitted for public office till she is at least twenty-five,—so I want Papa to be. I want Captain Jerry Norton to be military aide. I want—oh, ought I to say this?

Yes, dear Diary, I can confide in you. I'm afraid I'm just hopelessly romantic and old fashioned. I've read too many of those funny old nineteenth century novels. There it is! I'm in love with Jerry, and he is with me. I'm sure of that. Of course my darling Jerry is a twentieth century gentleman: he won't speak until I have spoken. But sometimes I am capable of wishing that he'd come straight to me and say in

fashionable New York society is a political element that should have recognition. She is always marrying. But she is always divorcing too, and divorce is thought far better of by advanced women than marriage. I've pointed out to Papa that you must be married before you can hope to be divorced. But, there! I must be frank with you, dear Diary. I'm so stupid that I want to marry my Jerry without ever thinking of divorcing him. Oh, I guess I'm just a degenerate retrograde, after all!

Well, I must go to bed and try to sleep, if I'm to be in any shape for our big garden party tomorrow.

October 16th, 1952. 9 P. M.

I'M so excited that I can hardly bring myself to try to tell you all about the events of the day, dear Diary. But I know that later I shall want to be able to recall all the emotions that I have experienced, and I also believe that some day it may be interesting for people to know how we all dressed and talked and behaved in these old times.

My dress, of course, didn't come home till this very morning,—the way dresses always do,—and I was growing frantic. But when it did come it was a perfect darling. Papa said he thought it was almost indecent just because of the undivided skirt, which he'd never seen me wear before. But honestly I can't see why it's any worse to have two legs in one skirt than to have just one. (Privately I have to admit that the result is really a certain tightness across the hips; but I didn't tell Papa that.) They used to wear them undivided altogether long ago, and under just as good Presidents as Papa; so I told him. Anyhow, Jerry liked it and said I looked just like an old fashioned picture in it. So I was perfectly contented. Besides which the single skirt is really the very latest, smartest thing. Even Mrs. Vallance liked my frock. And that is a compliment.

I always think it's the greatest fun to see Clarice Vallance; for I suppose there isn't anyone in America who is so fashionable and so attractive and so gay. It was really awfully amusing today, her arrival—she came early because she wanted to ask Papa some questions about her duties as a Justice of the Supreme Court. Something or other had happened to her plans; so she had flown over from New York in the train, and on the train she had met dear Mr. John Morpont. So they came together to the White House where I was in the garden. She just rushed at me and kissed me. She is so happy to be called Justice Vallance! "Sylvia," she cried, "I think it's just too darling of your father to make me a Judge of the Supreme Court! I'm just crazy about the law, you know!" And then she rattled on about the loveliest ideas she had for doing the Supreme Courtroom over with deep mauve—almost purple—curtains. And she had ideas for some of the cutest new laws she thought ought to be passed. Really, it was almost five minutes before Mr. Morpont, whom I've known for years, got a chance to speak to me. And even then Mrs. Vallance interrupted us at once.

"Isn't it the nicest thing, Sylvia? Today when I met Mr. Morpont on the train I remembered that I'd been married to him once—oh, only for two or three days. I divorced him. Why was it, John? I forget." And she turned to him so brightly.

"Oh," he answered, "you wanted to go to Newport on the seventeenth of June, and I couldn't get off till the twentieth."

"Yes, how stupid of you! Then I married again that summer, I think. Who was it, John?"

He said it was Freddy Vansittart. She wasn't sure herself; but she thought it was so sweet of him to remember. She has such charm, I think.

"What are your plans now?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "I don't believe I shall marry again till the autumn, possibly not till winter. I want to become thoroughly familiar with my duties. And I do want the divorce laws made easier! Oh, my heart bleeds for women! Sylvia, you have no idea how tiresome it is getting divorced. I remember once I had to run up to Connecticut for a divorce, and I was dining and going to the opera that night in New York. Well, the silly Judge and jury fooled about so that I missed my train and was three-quarters of an hour late for dinner. Really, it is so tiresome getting divorced that sometimes I think I shall never marry again."

I believe Mr. Morpont suspects what an old fashioned



"The Creature Is Good Looking in a Manly Way."

that romantic old way, "Sylvia, I love you!" But I know that would be horribly forward and unmanly. And I know that I can't marry him or even propose to him till after election. Such a marriage at this moment might ruin all Father's chances of detaching any part of the serious female vote from the Women's Party.

Marriage isn't any too well thought of nowadays; though of course a certain number of women keep it up, as they keep up cigarette smoking or any other small vice. There's that fascinating Mrs. Clarice Vallance, for example, whom Papa has just appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court, because he thinks

YOUNG GIRL BY HARRISON RHODES

"My Corsets? Dear Madam!"
The Chief Justice Fairly
Jumped Out of His Robe.



mouse I am. He patted my hand in the most fatherly way. He's such a dear. "You'll scarcely believe it, Miss Sylvia, but I can remember the days in New York when there were still a half-dozen women in society who had never been divorced at all."

I just couldn't keep from speaking, though I felt as if everybody would guess about Jerry and—and about everything. "I just love to think of those dear old days!" I blurted out. "I know you'll think it awfully foolish of me, but I believe I shan't want to divorce my husband at all!"

I was afraid Clarice would be angry; but she wasn't, and only called me a "dear quaint little thing." And Mr. Morpont told us he could remember the days when women didn't have the vote at all, and I said that I thought it sounded too lovely. They both laughed at that; but Mrs. Vallance admitted that it must have been pleasant to have made the men decide all the horrid political questions. And then I, pretty tactfully I think, brought the conversation round to her throwing her political influence to make it fashionable to have politics for men and women both; not just for women, the way Amelia Blake and the Women's Party want it.

"I'm sure you think it's nice for men and women to work together," I said.

She laughed and kissed me. "It's pleasant, my dear," she said, "even if it isn't always profitable."

Then she went away to find Chief Justice Lee about some important business. Oh, I do hope I've helped to get her on Father's side in this campaign!

I MUSTN'T forget that this is not only a young girl's diary, but a political memoir as well. I must hurry on to the arrival of Amelia Blake and the women of her National Committee.

Of course if I were Papa I should never have asked them to our garden party. As for me, I hate that Blake, and I don't believe in this modern doctrine of being polite to the opposing candidate, and then letting the country decide between you. I believe it was Blake herself who first said that because a woman was in politics was no reason why she should not be a gentleman. But I don't think Blake is. In the first place, she came late, and as she was the guest of honor that wasn't polite. And then she and her committee scarcely spoke to Father. They just began wandering about the house and gardens in the most impertinent way. I was talking to Jerry by the big fountain when she came upon me. She had three or four of her henchwomen with her. And in such clothes!

I've just got to interrupt my story for a mo-

ment to speak my mind. Of course I naturally didn't expect they would any of them be up to date enough to wear undivided skirts. But surely it isn't necessary to wear your trousers quite plain! A perfectly simple black serge pair may be beautifully modest and womanly,—of course I know it is,—but I do not see the harm in at least a striped material, or a bit of braiding, or a fancy buckle to fasten your knickers at the knee. And I don't think it's fast to wear something besides solid black or blue stockings. But probably that great hulking Blake wouldn't look decent even if she were decently dressed.

She evidently didn't know who I was; for this is what she was saying when she came near Jerry and me.

"Look round, Girls," she called out to the committee women, "and see how you like it. We'll soon be making ourselves at home here."

I was angry. I spoke. "You seem to be doing that already," I said.

"Yes, Dear," replied Blake. "You do so too. You are a woman, and this White House belongs to women."

"It's already belonged to me for nearly four years," I snapped out.

And Jerry, with that gentle tactful way that men have, stepped forward and explained that I was the President's daughter.

Not that that made Miss Blake apologize at all. She merely asked Jerry who he was. "Oh, military aide to the President!" she repeated after him. "That's the position I thought of giving to Sadie Brown. Come here, Sadie, and look at the get-up. See what you think of it."

I wish you could have seen Sadie! All I can say is I'm glad my clothes don't come from either Boston or Newburyport. I'd probably be as awkward as she was. She hesitated and almost blushed. Then, "I think he looks right handsome," she said.

"Handsome!" Blake fairly roared at the poor, frightened thing. "Miss Brown, I was speaking of his uniform." Remember, the day has gone by when any woman should stop to think whether any man is handsome or not.

Sadie was trembling: still she kept staring at Jerry, who is simply a dream in full regiments. "Of course, of course, Miss Blake. Still, I was right about him, wasn't I?"

Then Blake herself looked Jerry over in what I called a horrid, brazen, bold way. And her cheeks got a little red too. "Oh, yes," she said, trying to be offhand, "the creature is good looking in a manly way. I admit, if I were at all inclined—" She stopped, and I guess she saw my eye on her. "But I have given my word that until a woman is seated in every position of

power in the country, I will yield to no man, no matter how hotly pursued!"

I'm afraid I snickered.

"And this pledge," she went on, looking coldly at me, "is one that every true, patriotic American woman is taking." And she stalked away.

Oh, am I a dishonorable woman, a traitor to my sex? Haven't I the right to love Jerry? Oh, yes, yes, I have! Even that horrid old Blake, from the way she looked at him, if she'd only be honest—

OH, I don't believe any girl ever had so much trouble as I! For all the garden party, which really was lovely, the afternoon was sad, somehow. It wasn't Victory that was in the air: it was defeat. I felt it, and I'm sure Father felt it. We'll get the men's vote pretty nearly solid; for Mr. Bryan's candidacy really cuts off very few votes, politicians have learned that from long experience. But what's that against the solid woman's vote? Think of that horrid Massachusetts with its two million female majority! Oh dear, oh dear! Then I saw Blake and Mrs. Vallance go for a stroll arm in arm, and Blake was talking to Clarice most earnestly. About what? That's what I keep asking myself. Papa said he had high hopes of the good that might come from his appointing her to the Supreme Court. He says that it ought to inspire belief in his confidence in women, when he is willing to intrust the most serious affairs of the country to the most frivolous women. But somehow I'm afraid of Blake's influence on Clarice.

I thought for awhile that things were going well. Mrs. Vallance had a most satisfactory interview with dear old Chief Justice Lee. That I know; for I was there with her. I think at first he was a little disturbed at her easy, breezy way. But I'm sure he had talked with Father, and had come to feel with him that every point must be stretched these days to conciliate women.

It was all about the robes the Justices wear, which Clarice thought hopelessly old fashioned. She got Chief Justice Lee to put his on, and then in the sweetest kind of way tried to explain to him how very unbecoming that loose old cut was.

"Of course," she said to him, "I realize as much as anyone how comfortable it must be to go into court without your corsets."

"My corsets? Dear madam!" The Chief Justice fairly jumped out of his robe.

"Well, my corsets, if you prefer," laughed Justice Vallance. Then she put on the robe herself and explained just how it could be cut to define the figure a little more, and how much prettier a ruffled sleeve would really be.

"But, Madam," protested dear old Justice Lee, "it would be impossible and illegal to alter the historic costume of the Supreme Court of the United States."

And just here she was, I thought, so clever, so well fitted to political life. She didn't bother to argue with him. She just put her hand for a moment on his arm. "Oh, I leave all that to you," she said, "the legal aspect of the matter. You settle that. But I'll send my dress-maker to all the Justices tomorrow, and you'll see how smart you'll be." And then, as she was going, she turned and said such a tactful, flattering thing. "Oh, I forgot, Chief Justice Lee—you know so much more about this sort of thing than I do. I wonder if you

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"It's Got to Be You, Dear!"



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"1952"—THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

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could tell me of some nice easy book, a sort of primer of the law. I thought I'd try to read up a little tonight, so as to be ready for my duties tomorrow."

And I thought his reply so tactful, so sweet too. "Oh, I shouldn't bother. Just trust to woman's instinct, you know."

"Yes," she laughed, "that's really better, I suppose."

I think she gets on so easily with men that she'll work for bisexual politics. But I wish I felt sure about the meaning of that confidential talk she had later with Blake.

I've been sitting by my window and looking out on the world flooded with moonlight. Straight before me is the dear little old Washington Monument half hidden by the newer, bigger things. The night is warm and the air is full of gay, laughing motoring parties whose lights flash to and fro across the sky. Perhaps it's a happy world; but I keep wondering if it wasn't happier in those old days when they built that darling, cunning little monument and love was easier perhaps, and simpler.

Oh, I'm frightened! Father has just sent for me to come down stairs for a very important conference. What can it be? What can it be?

Later the Same Evening.

THIS was what the forebodings of the afternoon meant: the haunting sense that defeat threatened, that I might be called on to make some sacrifice, to do my poor all to avert calamity.

I went down to the dimly lit library, where Father and a dozen others, mostly younger men, were gathered like conspirators. I scarcely knew who they were. I saw Captain Norton, a few diplomats, old General Warren,—mostly men who'd seemed to like me, in several cases men who had wanted to marry me.

Father told me that I was admitted to a secret council of the Men's Party. And he told me the news. Vallance has deserted us, gone over to the other side. She came to Father. She was quite frank about it; I can even see, through my tears, that she was quite charming about it. She didn't of course pretend to defend the way Blake or her committee dressed; but she hopes to change all that. She said that until Blake pointed it out she hadn't realized that the appointment as Justice of the Supreme Court was for life, anyway, and that the Men's Party couldn't take it away from her now, even if they wanted to. Whereas, if she got tired of judging,—and, although she thought it was just too cunning now, she might get tired of it,—the Women's Party stood ready to give her anything she might want in return for her political influence. She might be Secretary of State, or a General, or an Admiral, or even perhaps later on a candidate for the presidency. So she had decided to be for Blake. Father appears to

have reminded her of her promise to him but Mrs. Vallance said she had consulted Blake about that, and that she had said that a promise was not a promise if given by a woman, and especially if it was to help men. And Mrs. Vallance said that she hoped Papa wouldn't be angry, but that Blake had made politics seem just too fascinating, and that anyhow she was just crazy to design some new dresses for the committee women, anyway. I have to admit that all she seems to have said sounds very logical to me; but I think it's horrid of her, and it leaves us in a dreadful position.

Everyone was absolutely plunged in gloom. They spoke in low tones. Occasionally I could just see the gleam of Jerry's gold lace across the room. And I kept wondering why they had sent for me. Soon enough, however, I knew.

Papa said that they had gone over the situation with his friends, and that unless Blake could somehow be induced to withdraw from her candidacy he would be beaten, that the sex would be beaten, and that perhaps never again would a man sit in the presidential chair. No one had been able to think of any possible way in which Blake could be persuaded. But Papa thought some way could be found. For his part, he was ready to promise anything in the President's power to the man who could do this, could save the party and the sex.

"And," Papa went on, "I've sent for you, Sylvia, because you've been not only my daughter, but my loyal friend, my pal. I've wondered if there were no reward that you would be willing to bestow on the man who would save us."

I stood trembling, not yet guessing what he meant. Then I saw Jerry Norton come forward a little into the circle of light in the middle of the room.

"He means, Miss Sylvia," he said gently, "that there isn't a man of us here who hasn't wanted to marry you."

I stood silent for a moment, my eyes on his. Then I heard Papa's voice.

"Of course you understand, Deary, that the present boycott the Women's Party has put on marriage gives you an exaggerated value just now. Still, I think any way you'd win them. Will you do this for me, little girl?"

Then Jerry spoke again in the darkness. "Will you make the prize the best thing in the world?"

And I spoke, half dazed. "Yes, I will," I said. "I will marry the man who can make Blake give up her campaign."

Then it all broke up in their crowding around with talk and congratulations and laughs. And then I slipped away. By the door stood Jerry.

"It's going to be I, you know," he said.

I blushed, and then, "It's got to be you, Dear," I said.

To be concluded next Sunday

THE BACKSLIDER

Continued from page 7

anything better? What does it matter about me? I came into your life when you were a man. Let her stone me, cast me out as unworthy, a backslider—what does it matter, Hugh? But you came into her life almost forty years ago,—a morsel of herself, her dream, her glory. She has not long to live, Hugh, not long. She must live those years believing you have always been like her dream of you. I, who am really a stranger to her, except that I loved you once, can leave her that dream to the end. And so must you, her son. Promise me! Don't let all I've done blow away to nothing. Let her condemn me, Hugh. Let her die loving you, believing in you." She fairly clutched him. Her eyes were a fanatic's. "The mother love in her has the whiteness, the perfection, of Heaven. Soil it, wound it, and she'll die in torment. I am young still. My life is still going to mean a great deal to me. Hers is closing. She must adore you, believe in you, to the end."

She waited. The white road was silent. Then she saw a bitter thing. Hugh was weeping into his hands as a child weeps.

"I never knew you before today, Janet. Oh, I wish I had! I wish I had. I am ashamed."

"Never mind us," she insisted. "You give me your promise?"

He saw that it put a meaning into life for her. "She shall never know," he said in a broken whisper. "As long as I live I'll be

what she believes me always to have been."

They said goodbye simply. There was no hesitation, no complication. He had lost her long ago. He watched her through the whiteness until the blazing marquetry of the sunset swallowed her dark figure.

Later, at home, he felt the twist of the screw. He told his mother they had parted. She eyed him like a mother robin.

"And you, dear? You, my son? Does it make you unhappy?" she asked. Unselfish passion, a white glow, palpitated in her face. Her hands were strained up to reach his shoulders; for she was a small woman.

"No, mother. I expected it. I am not unhappy."

"Then," she said contentedly, "it doesn't matter. We'll never speak of her again. Kiss me—my dear, my baby, my own."

HIS TEMPORARY NAME

WHAT name have you given your last born, Dick? asked a Southern man of a negro in his employ.

"Me an' mah wife has decided to call him Elijah Pro Tem Morgan," answered the negro, with an air of pride.

"Why Pro Tem?"

"Dat's to show dat de m ddle name is only temporary, Sah," explained the fond parent. "We kinder thought Elijah might like to choose his own name when he grew up, an' so we throwed in Pro Tem to show him whar to put 'em."

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"1952"—THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.



NEW YORK, Oct. 20th.
THE events of today, if they have laden me with sorrow,—such as no girl has ever before been called upon to bear, I feel sure,—have also put responsibilities on me and on you, dear Diary. I am, I feel it, a historic character. Around my head—"my devoted head," I meant to write—has raged the storm of this last great battle, this conflict for supremacy between the sexes. I must tell my story carefully: it is history. I must set down not only what I saw and heard myself, but what was reported to me.

We came over from Washington yesterday for the great final rally, the joint debate between Blake and Papa, which was to be the real close of the campaign. It was a pleasant enough trip, though the airway was horribly crowded and smelt terribly of electrical discharges. And of course Father clings to that clumsy, old fashioned six-planed car. As to that, he clings to a lot of old fashioned things. Other girls when they go to New York stay at the Imperial Columbian on 200th-st. The President's daughter has to stay at a queer little bungalow sort of place 'way down in the slums, the Plaza, just because her grandfather thought it was a good hotel.

But for all this New York is to me always exciting. I love the up-air streets, especially the 50's and 60's up, which very often run for long distances right across the roofs. The little parks on the towers are sweet, I think. I adore the Fifth-ave. sky stages. The theaters are such fun always. I wish I could have had time to go to see "Way Down East" and David Warfield in a revival of "The Music Master." And I long to see that lovely Lillian Russell's new frocks. Also there was a most wonderful special matinee the other day to celebrate Elsie Janis's twenty-first birthday. But I am forgetting my story.

New York was simply boiling with excitement; for it was not only the day of the Great Joint Debate, but the last day before the National Prohibition Bill went into effect. To me of course it isn't strange that it should take the whole strength of the federal Government to force prohibition on a great city whose very name, Manhattan, was taken from a cocktail. There was rioting, they say, and barricades erected in some of the streets of the Tenderloin. Even women—showgirls mostly—fought shoulder to shoulder with young stock brokers; but were finally dispersed by a band of patent medicine proprietors, who are the most frenzied and fanatical advocates of total prohibition. Through the night I heard the noise of the Committees of Rounders who had been appointed to visit the saloons for the last time. Their queer, sad song, with its haunting minor melody, rang out on the night air:

Hush little Barroom,
Don't you cry! (they sang);
You'll be a Drugstore
By and by!

There seemed something prophetic and menacing about it.

But, as someone said, what are the problems of wine and song compared to the Woman Question? I think the interest in the approaching Joint Debate transcended everything else. Woman still stood arrayed against man. Publicly Father bore up gallantly; but I knew black despair was in his heart, for Blake was still like the Rock of Gibraltar.

She has been offered by my suitors almost all the things that women in the past have been supposed to want, and everything that the woman of the future might be expected to desire. The diplomats have been exceptionally active. Lord Tweed of the Hebrides offered to have his aunt, the Duchess of Cranland, introduce Blake into the very smartest London society; Comte Moet de Chandon offered to get her the address of a wonderfully good and cheap dressmaker in Paris; General Warren offered her a tip on U. S. Steel; then, to vary things, Baron Schönwurst told her his Emperor would make her a General if she'd come to Germany; and Count Bijutsu Iro-Iro threatened to commit harakiri on her honorable doorstep. (Just how I could have married him if he had done so, I don't see; but being Japanese he didn't think of that.) Nothing affected her. No one could think of anything.

I think I can say, without seeming conceited, that the men were ready to try. The offer of my hand meant something. Women seem still to have that power over men. Even that horrid Blake has recognized it and tried to utilize it in her campaign. If she is elected, she promises that her supporters will relax the—well, the quarantine regulations a little. But if she isn't elected she says there will be no marrying at all for four years. And Papa says that will swing the Fiancé Vote all right. Our party has been stimulating the immigration of English spinsters; but the effect has been small so far.

Having seen some of the importations, I can't wonder. I'm sure that men must like me a little. I'm sure at least that Jerry Norton cares for me. It isn't merely that I knew he had been cudgeling his daring brains for some argument to use on Blake. Today he broke through all conventions, all restraints. He said he didn't care whether it was immodest or unmanly, he must tell me that he loved me. I've had this moment, at least! But what hope was there that we could ever marry, that he should be the one to win me by moving Blake? We faced the facts. We sat silent. The sun was slowly setting,—it goes down a little after noon behind the tall buildings west of our hotel,—and gloom and chill seemed to seize upon both our hearts. We said nothing; but I took his hand and held it to comfort him. Even when dear old Mr. John Morpont was announced I still sat this way.

POOR children, poor children!" he said softly. "What chance have I," broke out Jerry passionately, "of softening the Rock of Gibraltar? Every possible argument has already been used upon Amelia Blake." Mr. Morpont smiled his queer, kind old smile. "Arguments!" he repeated. "They call me an out of date old fossil, I know; but really isn't it too much to ask me to believe that arguments will have any effect upon a wo-

where she stood for a few minutes with her back to him. "Yes, to you," said Jerry. He saw that Mr. Morpont was right: that no one had ever spoken gently to her before.

"Captain Norton," she said, and her voice sounded softer, "you first of all men have guessed my secret. You could."

"Miss Blake, I am in love. I am not the sort of man who talks easily of such things—"

"I am glad of that," she interrupted him. "It makes the compliment greater that you have spoken at last."

"What I have to ask of you is hard to explain."

"Oh," she tossed back impatiently over her shoulder at him, "don't explain: just ask."

"Your candidacy," stammered Jerry,—"oh, it seems a great sacrifice to ask you to make—"

"You feel," she was still at the window with her back to him, "you feel that my candidacy puts an insuperable barrier between your love and—its object?"

"Precisely," Jerry says he thought that all was coming right. His heart beat fast. He felt it was almost too good to be true. She turned to him at last, and her eyes were bright. (Oh, I bet they were!)

"You shall understand me at last. You shall see me, great, strong woman that I have always been, as gentle, as tender, as a man. Jerry, for your sake, I will resign



man? They never have had, Jerry, and they never will." "But what then is left to me, Sir?" asked Jerry.

"To appeal to her kindness, to touch her heart, to treat her as a woman." He looked more kind than I've ever known a man to look when speaking of Blake. "It's just possible that no one has ever treated her as a woman," he went on meditatively.

Jerry sprang to his feet, an eager, boyish light in his eyes. "Perhaps you are right, Mr. Morpont," he cried. "At any rate, I'll try, Sylvia."

And he rushed away. I was happy, I was hopeful. It was nearly one o'clock, and I went down to lunch.

By three o'clock it was all over: not lunch, I mean, but my whole chance for happiness. I should wet your pages with my tears, dear Diary, only with a bad pen the damp paper is so hard to write on. I must try to tell the story as I heard it later.

Jerry went straight to the Women's Party headquarters, and sent his card to Blake. In the outer office they thought she wouldn't receive him; but she sent word at once that she'd be delighted. Oh, yes, she'd see him—we know now why.

I will try to give the conversation word for word as my own dear Jerry told it to me.

WELL, Captain Norton," was her greeting, "are you another of them? You don't want me to give up the presidency, do you?"

"I'll be honest with you," said Jerry, "because I want you as my friend."

"I don't object to being that. And I believe in honesty between friends. Have a cigar." She passed the box, and then lit one herself.

"I do want to persuade you not to run."

"My dear young man," she leaned back in her swivel chair and crossed her legs. She had the air of explaining something to a nice child. "My dear young man, I am too tired to try to explain the political situation to you. The masculine mind was made for something else than politics. Man's place, my dear boy, is in the home."

"Exactly, if it is the right home," Jerry replied; cleverly too, I think. "Believe me, Miss Blake, I am not here to advance any arguments. I only have an appeal to make as man to woman."

She knocked off a cigar ash and smiled. "We busy women of the political and business world can have our gentler side too," she said.

And Jerry was sure that old Mr. Morpont was right. He went on. "I felt that in you, Miss Blake, I felt that, whatever others might say or feel about you, I could venture to talk to you and to talk to you of love."

"To me?" She spoke in a startled kind of way, and putting her cigar down she walked across to the window,

my candidacy!" He started forward. "How can I ever thank you enough?" he cried ecstatically. He put out his hand—he sees now that was a fatal mistake. The next instant she had him in a strangle hold. Oh, my dear, how I can see the awful scene! Her lips on his cheek, his soft curls upon the shoulder of her rough woman's coat!

"When did you first know you cared for me?" she cooed. "When did 'oo know 'oo loved little Ameliakins?"

Perhaps there would have been some chance of explanation, some chance for Jerry; but at that moment Clarice Vallance and several committee women burst into the room.

"Blake!" cried Clarice.

"I will not deny it," said Blake. "We love each other." And again she pressed Jerry to her heart.

"How about that rule against marriage?"

"We'll call it null and void—won't we, Pet?"

Clarice was angry. "And here I've gone weeks and

"Soon I'll Lead
My Pet Straight
to the Altar!"

BY HARRISON RHODES

weeks without a wedding! A pretty sort of candidate you make!"

Blake turned on her—it was Jerry's chance to get away. "Well, you be candidate," she said to Clarice, "if you think you can do it any better, you horrid thing!"

"Well, I can dress it better, anyway," retorted Clarice.

That was the last Jerry heard. He came straight to Father and me. And now we are martyrs. Father put it to us both in a way that left us no escape. It was our happiness against the future of the whole country. Jerry and I can and do save all that's worth while in that old civilization that we have both so loved. I make Dad happy, and I keep a whole sex from slavery. Isn't it worth it? Mustn't I do it? Yes, yes! I must be brave, brave for myself and Jerry too. I will! But I'm almost capable of wishing—oh, I'm almost afraid to confide it to you, poor, unhappy, dear Diary: I almost wish women had never even had the vote!

October 23d.

I DRESSED today in the deepest black and went out—no, forth—heavily veiled. I must say that when your life is completely broken and there is nothing in the whole world that can be of any interest to you, it



It Seems Horrid of a Candidate to Let Everybody Vote for Her.



New York Is to Me Always Exciting. I Love the Up-Air Streets.

is a certain satisfaction to have a frock that will express your feelings. I have always looked moderately well in black too: I think with light hair and blue eyes you generally do. No one, probably, has ever been so unhappy as I.

I went up to the Capitol. I thought I should stand languidly and yet gracefully there on the terrace looking out at the city where I had known so much happiness and now knew only suffering. Anyone seeing me there would, I was sure, at once say to himself that there was a young woman—not wholly unattractive—whom life had used badly. As a matter of fact, the only person who noticed me was a man sweeping off the terrace, who asked me to move. But, anyway, it is a great comfort when one is unhappy to be alone. I stood there lost in thought for hours and hours—for at least half an hour, at any rate. And then I saw them!

Her clothes! I once thought that she might have had a little braided pattern on her serge trousers. She had on an undivided skirt of pale blue chiffon cloth heavily trimmed with Irish lace. The bodice was—what there was of it, which wasn't much—mostly lace and strings of pearls and a white feather boa. And her hat, though I hate to admit it, was one of those smart models from that wonderful milliner in New Zealand who is all the rage now. But I must say that it was so loaded with flowers and fruits, etc., that you might have thought the Department of Agriculture had done it for her. And this was the Amelia Blake who said that we should leave dressing to the men! She was perfectly languishing. She clung to poor Jerry's arm as they came up the slope; though I am sure she is heavier than he a great deal. Oh, it was too dreadful! It didn't seem to me that I could bear the sight; so I followed them at once into the rotunda, and managed to slip behind the statue to Belmont where I could see and even hear unobserved.

It is surprising to hear how foolish a woman in love can be. She called him her "pet," her "darling." She used these silly expressions to my own lamb, my sweet-heart, my angel-faced Jerry. She seemed to have no dignity, no repose whatever. She fetched him ice water. She took off his hat because she was afraid he was warm. I hated her; for I had wanted to do it myself. And when he said merely "Thank you," she broke out.

"Oh, how sweet of you to say 'Thank you'! You spoil me, Jerry."

"I wish I could!" the poor darling answered.

"What a lovely compliment, Dear! You mean I can't be spoiled."

"You couldn't be made any worse than you are."

"That comes from having a strong nature. But that

nature is now all gentleness, all devoted to making you happy. Do you realize what the long, long future before you will be like?"

"Oh, I realize!" His face seemed white with terror. "I realize it, and it seems so long—so long!"

She looked at him sharply. I could see that he was struggling to remember his pledge to Dad and to me.

"It seems so long, even till after election," was the way he finished the sentence.

I must explain that the wedding had been set for after election. Papa had insisted on this, and Jerry too. Well, I must confide to you, dear Diary, a suspicion that I wouldn't breathe to a living soul. I've sometimes wondered whether it hadn't come into his mind that after election, when Papa was safely in, he could break with Blake, repudiate the engagement. Of course that wouldn't be, strictly speaking, honorable; but then men have no sense of honor, as women understand it. For my part, I can bear with their inconsistencies, their lack of logic: it is just part of their masculine charm. And in this case, when he would be getting rid of that horrid Blake because his little heart turned to me, I could forgive him.

But as I listened to the little conversation I have just quoted and caught sight of his companion from behind the marble heroine's skirts, it came across me that perhaps this same suspicion had crossed Blake's mind. And I felt cold and frightened; for I suddenly realized that there had always been this hope at the back of my thoughts, that I had never till now really believed that Jerry was lost to me forever. I clutched at the pedestal to support myself, and I'm afraid I almost fainted—though fainting went out, for women, at least fifty years ago. Everything seemed to swim before me, to hum in my ears. But through this horrible confusion there came to me Blake's voice.

"Yes, I know it seems long," and the voice was soft and treacherous. "And so Amelia has a little surprise in store for her Jerrywinkle."

She drew from the folds of her bodice a horrible legal looking document. My poor Jerry's man's instinct must have taught him as quickly as did my woman's knowledge what it was.

"A marriage license!" she cried, waving it in the miserable wretch's face, and too excited herself to see his look of terror.

"Just one quarter of an hour's business that I have to transact up here. My pet won't mind waiting for me alone that long; for when I come back it will be to lead him straight to the altar!"

Quickly she bent over and kissed his damp, pale brow.

As quickly she rushed away. And I, in my trailing black gown, came slowly from behind the white statue which had hidden me. It was, if I say it myself, like a scene in a very good play.

Jerry came forward and caught my hands in his. "I can't do it! I won't do it!"

I tried to soothe him, to quiet him; but he was almost beside himself, hysterical. It was one of the moments when a woman must understand, must forgive, masculine weakness. He could scarcely do anything but repeat his phrases of refusal. Then the unexpected sight of Father coming across the rotunda seemed to pull him together. He waited for Papa with an almost frightened calm, a calm like that just before the storm breaks.

AND here, before I tell of the horrible scenes that are to follow, I know that for the readers of the twenty-first century I ought to pause and explain just exactly what the political situation has been since Blake resigned and Vallance assumed the candidacy.

To this, as to all things, Clarice Vallance gives the strong impression of her individuality, her taste. And the campaign during the last three days has assumed a character such as has never before been seen in the world.

A hint of what was to follow might have been found in the candidate's very first act, which was to design for her supporters a simple and inexpensive but very smart "voting costume." On the subject of this she expressed herself at once to the newspaper reporters freely, frankly.

"I will not," she said firmly, "have dowdy women going to the polls to vote for me!"

And from that moment the Women's Party seemed to gain a certain distinction of tone.

"I have a lot of new and very attractive political schemes," Mrs. Vallance said to one interviewer.

"I consider the mistake that Blake and all female politicians before her made was trying to do things too much as men had done them in the past. I believe that women should make politics dainty, graceful, charming."

"Now, for example, I have quite a new idea about the Women's Party. I suppose it is because I have always lived in a small, very fashionable set in New York; but it seems to me perfectly horrid and common of a candidate to let just everybody and anybody who wants to, vote for her. I want to

have the Women's Party composed only of the nicest, most intelligent, best dressed, best bred, smartest women."

Of course the immediate effect of this has been to make the election quite sure for Father, so long as Vallance is the candidate. But for the future I should not for myself feel so sure. I think there is a profound philosophy in Clarice's prophecies, a philosophy too deep perhaps for masculine intelligence, which, though often quick and active, is more on the surface than ours is.

"This year," Clarice admits, "we shall lose votes; but as soon as the party is exclusive, then every woman in America will be determined to get into it, and a great many men too. In the end it will be much larger and nicer and much more distinguished."

That seems to me close, fine reasoning. But we have been reckless of the future. We have cared only that Jerry's sacrifice and mine had saved the present. But now, if Jerry chuckled Amelia Blake, she would take back the candidacy, she would conduct the campaign with redoubled venom, and we should have doomed men to perpetual slavery.

All this Papa said to Jerry, to me. And Jerry was firm.

"I am," he said, "perhaps not the stuff that heroes are made of. I'm just a lover. I can't somehow put politics before Sylvia."

"Sylvia!" It was Father appealing to me. And I knew, as I stood there very pale, my black dress standing out strikingly against the white marble background, that I had come to the crisis of my young girl's life. I know that a woman ought to be strong, to think of public good and not private happiness. But somehow I seemed to slip back through the decades to a vision of simpler womanhood and of love in some vine-clad nineteenth century cottage with Jerry.

"No, Dad," I said, "I can't urge it on him."

"It's only till after election," cried Father in agonized tones, and in a moment's silence we all three faced the treachery that we had all three contemplated. For I realized that I too had always in my heart known that we meant that Jerry should break with Blake as soon as Papa was elected. But now Jerry, with his higher, purer man's instincts, was saving us from this. And I was glad.

"No, it can't be till after election only," he said.

I don't think Papa understood. I think he thought Jerry meant only that he wouldn't be able to prevent Blake from marrying him today. So lightly, unthink-

Continued on page 19

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over her. Here and there a star pierced through; but was put out in the gloom. She heard the sun fall with a thud down the sides of the sky. There was no more wind. The river had ceased to run. The seasons had stopped their rolling. The brown maid's hands were folded, her eyes were closed, and her face was turned to the door of the brown house. She had reached the goal of her long reverie, and the great bath of silence encompassed her round. She had made her exit.

"1952"

Continued from page 9

ingly, he made the little remark that did it all for us, that solved the problem, that will set him on the presidential chair again, that will, for a decade at least I feel sure, give men another chance to keep their freedom, their equal rights with us.

"If I were engaged to Blake," he blustered. "I could make her wait till after election!"

For one half-second no one saw. Then, almost shyly, Jerry and I looked at each other and smiled. Papa caught that smile on the way, and then too he saw.

"Oh, no, no!" he groaned—it really was like a groan.

"Why not, Mr. President?" asked Jerry. "Why couldn't you, Dad?" I said. "If I could learn to call her Mother—"

I must pass over the scene that followed with my parent. It is no part of a woman's duty to expose too ruthlessly men's weaknesses. I may say, however, that it was a good fifteen minutes before we could bring Papa to the scratch, and then I had to be almost painfully firm and severe with him. Finally we left him, and Blake returned.

WHAT happened then must be partly passed over in silence. The agony of a human soul must not be scanned too closely. I know Papa must have taken the line that an overmastering passion for Blake had forced him to speak—at last. Blake seems to have had no difficulty in believing him. Is it true, I wonder, that such belief comes easily to a woman, even the plainest? Then he pointed out to her that if she married him he might control the nation, but she would control him. And she seemed to have no doubt that she would.

What would she be as a mere Captain's wife? he suggested. She was America's Queen: would America endure it that she should be other than the President's consort?

For an instant she suggested to Dad that he be a sort of Prince Consort to her President; but he pointed out that a woman should be philosopher enough to be content with the power, that she should leave the childish delight in mere names to men. She was much struck by this. And she seemed to come easily to see that a riper, more full blown man like Father suited her better. Of course she had still a sensitiveness about Jerry: she feared that she seemed like a siren, luring men to their destruction. But somehow, she admitted, Dad seemed to have got her. And Dad, who's fifty-five and bald, seemed, oddly enough, to find it quite easy to believe that his charms surpassed Jerry's. I wonder if it can be true that such a belief comes easily to fat, plain, middle aged men? Anyhow, when we rejoined them I could see that he already rather liked Blake. Men are certainly queer: they are the enigmatic, the unfathomable, sex.

THERE'LL be more history to write tomorrow; but this is surely enough for tonight. There will be a double wedding. And I am very happy. Jerry is a thoroughly manly man. He is not ambitious for himself. He will be interested in me and my work, and will for the most part be content with his home life. I am old fashioned, I confess it. I believe men have some right to a vote and a share in the Government. I've helped Father and his sex. That's only fair. We women have so much, there is no reason why we should take everything.

But I am not all dreams and nineteenth century illusions. I see, broadly speaking, that the world is woman's; but so are its responsibilities. It is my duty to protect Jerry from too rough an encounter with the world, to keep him sheltered and happy. How else can I expect that he will give our little children that home care which they—no, even to you, dear Diary, I will say no more. I am very happy tonight. Sometimes when I've looked out at that quaint tiny monument to Washington I've wondered if life were better back in those days. But now I see that the greatest thing in the world is to live in the mid-twentieth century and to be a woman. Is it selfish to be glad I am not a man?



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